In the Den of Wolves

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In the Den of Wolves

by Zetaglobin

Summary

Disclaimer This was written before it was revealed that Satsuki and Ryuko were siblings. I continued this fic after the reveal, as I never planned for them to be related. However, I ended up stopping as I felt uncomfortable ignoring canon for the purpose of shipping . Disclaimer End

Family time was always her least favorite activity.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Not everyone goes to bed with a razor tucked under their pillowcase. She's fairly sure that habit separates her from the majority of the population. Perhaps the handgun neatly wedged beneath her mattress is also a statistical anomaly. But then again, few things about Satsuki Kiryuin could be described as common.

She'd managed to drift off clutching the hilt of the weapon, tensing and tightening her grip as she floated between varying levels of consciousness. Even in half-slumber she still looked threatening; her muscles coiled and ready to strike out at the slightest provocation.

When she felt a steady pressure against the side of her head it took all of her willpower not to follow the instinct to slice off whatever's fool enough to wake her. Satsuki's eyes flicked open as a soft giggle drifted her way. The barrel of a revolver playfully prodded at her temple, forcefully driving away any miniscule chance she had at sleep.

"Must you do this any time you want to speak with me? A simple text message would suffice." She sighed, pinching the bridge of her nose in irritation.

A childish laugh answered her, echoing off the walls of the high-ceilinged room before abruptly cutting off.

"Oh Satki~ You rely too much on such impersonal technology. Even mère zinks so." The owner of the gun answered, looking down at Satsuki from beneath a head of golden curls.

"Pronounce my name properly. I know you're perfectly capable of doing so. And perhaps it's you and mother who should keep up with the times." Satsuki replied, rising to a sitting position, more annoyed than frightened when the gun follows her. The girl holding it is smiling at her with a sugar-filled grin, looking positively ecstatic with the situation. When Satsuki shot her a grimace she pouted, but drops her arm to the side, moping as if robbed of some great pleasure.

"You're always très serious, Satsooki," She complained, intentionally butchering the second syllable, treating it like some foreign concept on her palate. "How do you know that mon chèrie is even loaded?" She whined, twirling the gun around a gloved finger.

"I've never known you to visit without a bullet in the chamber."

The woman grinned at that, "I suppose you are right." She nodded, hitting a release mechanism on the cylinder, sending it spinning with a light flick. She tilted her wrist, emptying out the bullets one by one into her palm, and pressing them into Satsuki's open hand. She quickly closed Satsuki's fingers around the ammo, "Hey can you guess what kind zey are?"

Satsuki sighed, feeling her patience quickly fading. Not wanting to drag out the conversation longer than she has to, she humored the request, running her finger tips over the bits of metal thoughtfully.

".44 Remington Magnum." She concluded after a moment, "Quite a brutal choice for a wake-up call don't you think?"

"Zey make such a big bang! Je me trouve qu'ils sont belles!" The woman replied, squirming with delight. "You can keep zem of course." She added on, affectionately placing her hand on Satsuki's shoulder when she attempts to return the bullets.

Satsuki's nose twitched, catching a nauseatingly strong whiff of perfume, and she just manages not to gag. Resisting the urge to shove her visitor away and disappear back under the blankets, she attempted painful small talk to distract herself.

"You're wearing your lace petticoat. Something exciting happening today?"

"Ah c'est magnifique! I am so glad you noticed! We are having very important guests over tonight. Mere said you should wear your matching dress. The blinding beauty of two sisters will surely win zem over!"

"Half-sisters, Nui." Satsuki corrected, brows furrowing, "There's a very large portion of your genetic code that has nothing to do with me." She added, gesturing to their strikingly different appearances.

While Satsuki's body consisted solely of long lines and sharp angles, Nui's was tiny and soft-disarmingly so. In her heels, Satsuki easily towered over most men, while her half sibling barely even reached their shoulders. This made for very different methods of persuasion; with Satsuki commanding absolute authority, and Nui batting her doe-eyes to get her way.

"Oh ma chère sœur, genetics do not matter. We were raised side by side, we are of zee same womb." Nui responded, dramatically clasping her dainty fingers around Satsuki's.

"Es tut mir leid." Satsuki muttered, smirking when Nui's smile falters.

"Mon Dieu! Such a beastly language." She finally took a step back, looking genuinely offended.

Satsuki seized the brief pause to take hold of the conversation, "So to what purpose do I owe this visit?" She asked, hoping that she's indulged enough of Nui's penchant for small chat.

"I missed you! You have been so busy lately. I zink now is zee first time we have spoken face to face since last week."

"And what a long week it's been." Satsuki remarked curtly.

Nui fixed her in an inquisitive stare, her good eye roving curiously over Satsuki's expression as if it might have more answers. "What have you been up to?"

Ah so that's why she came. Playing detective for mother.

"Personal errands. Gathering information, restocking supplies; just laying low for a bit."

"Zat is no good! You should be out as much as possible, like a celebrity!" Nui scolded, shaking her revolver in Satsuki's direction.

"I don't have the same flare for glamour that you and mother do. I'm doing things my way." Satsuki replied, brows twitching in annoyance.

Nui noticed her sister's patience waning and lets out a loud sigh, leaning against the bedpost as if this conversation was using up every ounce of her energy. "So stubborn. Lecturing you is no good."

She straightened up again, twirling on her toe and practically prancing away from the bed.

"I must be going now. Do not forget about zee dinner tonight." She called to Satsuki, who grunts in response.

"I have my eye on you!" Nui pointed to her single, functional eye, giggling when Satsuki visibly tenses. With a final wave she slips out the door, humming the tune of some morbid melody.

Once she's sure Nui's gone Satsuki relaxed her muscles, letting the razor rest against the mattress. Her half sister had always gotten under her skin in ways no one else could; from a certain standpoint it could almost be called admirable. Nui took Satsuki's aloof and distant demeanor as a challenge, forcefully shoving her way through all barriers and boundaries. She was cheery to an unsettling degree, making her impossible to read, and even more impossible to predict. She was a wild card.

Satsuki pinched the bridge of her nose once more, brows knitting together in thought. Nui was too fickle to ever commit to her own plans, but she had a real talent for finding the loose threads in others, and tugging at it until everything came violently apart.

Much to Satsuki's dismay their sibling rivalry manifested in this form of sabotage. There wasn't much else the two could compete over anyway. Although Nui was nothing more than a bastard child conceived during one of their mother's weekly "business trips," it was no secret that she was the favorite. Even though she wasn't a true Kiryuin, mother spoiled her absolutely rotten, raising her as if she was the true successor.

Not that Satsuki particularly minded. Ever since her father's death she had little regard for mother's approval. While Nui was growing up to be a disturbingly accurate carbon copy of their mother, Satsuki actively strove to carve out her own identity. She distanced herself from their lavish lifestyle, avoiding any form of publicity like the plague.

Satsuki's fingers found the hilt of the razor again, squeezing it as she pondered how to keep Nui out of her own affairs. One of these days, she's going to throw caution to the wind, and slice that pretty little smile in half.

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Despite her schedule being free of official appointments, Satsuki's day left her with little time for rest. Three cups of black tea served as her breakfast, compensating for the measly two

hours of sleep she had the night before. Even on her days off (if one could call them that), she rarely had a moment of peace.

The manor was even more lively than usual, bustling with servants scrambling to prepare for the guests' arrival. Many of the portraits in the halls had been changed, with more family friendly paintings replacing her mother's morbid taste in art. Although it's a process Satsuki has seen countless times, it still amused her.

The Kiryuin manor was just as unconventional as its residents, constantly changing face depending on the visitor. When fellow mobsters came to discuss business, it became a looming, dungeon-like structure. All forms of antiques were swapped with daggers and guns, making any room a potential battlefield. During last year's Christmas party, Nui suggested that the decapitated head of a rival family serve as the dining room's center piece. To no one's surprise, mother happily agreed.

However, on days like today, all deadly decorations have been stowed away, with an eccentric collection of modern art taking their place. The absence of lethal weapons made the manor seem as close to normal as it could ever be.

But inevitably, something would get overlooked. A machete hastily shoved under a rug, a forgotten machine gun in the kitchen cupboard; the possibilities were endless. Satsuki had long ago lost count of all the casualties; sometimes they seemed a bit *too* convenient to be accidents.

With a soft chuckle, Satsuki fondly recalled a particular incident that she knew with absolute certainty was free of mother's interference. A group of Hollister's elite came to visit, and charming men that they were, immediately stirred up quite a buzz around the manor. When the CEO's perfectly sculpted jaw was last seen propelled through the air by a sudden explosion, the momentary look of genuine disappointment on mother's face confirmed that it truly was an accident.

Satsuki had immediately approached Nonon afterwards, who looked uncharacteristically chipper for committing manslaughter (She was often irritated when "bumbling idiots" accidentally detonated her explosives). However Nonon took the mishap in stride, proudly explaining to Satsuki how the grenade was designed to appear innocuous, and trick passersby into picking it up.

Amongst all the chaos, mother managed to seat her own secretary as the new CEO, and keep the police at bay long enough to avoid any serious repercussions. And while it ultimately ended in the syndicate's favor, Satsuki caught the gleam of rage behind mother's eyes whenever the loss was mentioned.

Satsuki's broken out of her reverie just as she reaches the entrance hall's stairway, forced to duck out of the way as a group of butlers haphazardly attempt to remove a mounted lion head. Using years of muscle memory ingrained into her body, she descended the marble stairs with ease, weaving around the frazzled servants gracefully. Several calls of gratitude drift her way, but to Satsuki's relief, no one drops their work to bow to her.

After a few more turns down the manor's less frequented hallways, she's finally reached her destination. She rapped on the door firmly, waiting a moment before pushing it open.

A dizzying display of monitor screens greet her, flashing a series of random digits that only their owner could make sense of.

"You know, your room truly does have the makings of an evil genius's lair." Satsuki remarked, addressing the lanky man hunched over a comparatively small laptop screen.

"Good morning Lady Satsuki" A high-pitched voice piped up, drawing her attention to the darker corner of the room. She turned to see Nonon curled up on one of the spare office chairs, looking thoroughly bored with her surroundings. Faint purple rings have formed under her eyes, but she's bothered to change into her day clothes, wrapped up in a rose-colored pea coat that trails well below her knees.

"I wouldn't attempt small talk with boy genius over there," She added on, gesturing to the man with a flimsy hand wave, "He's been abnormally silent since I got here. Only opens his nerd mouth to correct me."

"Good morning to you as well Nonon. I'm sorry you haven't been able to get your daily bickering in with Inumuta."

"It's tragic really. But I guess it's alright. I think I've had my fill of idiocy after driving around that delinquent."

At the mention of Ryuko, Inumuta finally speaks, "Lady Satsuki, could you enlighten me a bit more about this delinquent? Nonon's been about an iota less irritating than usual, and I was able to get some actual work done."

Nonon rolled her eyes but doesn't rise to the bait, simply jabbing the air with her middle finger a few times before settling back into her seat.

"Matoi can have that sort of draining effect on people." Satsuki answered.

"Ah the infamous Matoi. I was hoping that's who you two were referring to..." He paused for a moment, hitting a few keys and humming thoughtfully. A moment later, the largest screen flickered to life with a grainy image of Ryuko. At this angle, she appears to be glowering down at the three of them, the intensity of her gaze barely softened by the poor pixel resolution.

"Tell me more about her. I'd like to know exactly who I spent the past two hours fighting off your mother's heavy security codes for."

Satsuki tilted her head, staring up at the display as if Matoi's picture might tell her the answer. "She's sturdy. What she lacks in patience and intellect, she makes up for in her infallible ability to bounce back."

"She's a complete ingrate!" Nonon chipped in, "She has absolutely no discipline."

Inumuta swiveled slightly in his chair, glancing up at Satsuki from his glasses, "I see. Doesn't sound particularly remarkable then. Is there a reason you're devoting all of your efforts to this random thug?"

"Would you believe it's become my new hobby?" Satsuki mused, biting back a chuckle when Inumuta rolls his eyes.

"I guess that's a bit more feasible than Uzu's stupid theories." He concluded, tugging at the zipper of his jacket collar, "That idiot was blowing up my phone last night with some ridiculous babble about how you're nearing your prime, and need some sort of mate outside your mother's sphere of influence."

Satsuki raised a brow, "Now that's a thought. However I think that Matoi's better suited to Nonon in that regard."

"I would never even consider that punk!" Nonon sputtered, flushing the same color of her coat as two pairs of eyes drift her way. "Neither Lady Satsuki nor I need a "mate" anyway. The next time I see that monkey I'm dropping explosives in his boxers."

Inumuta whistled, feigning fear, and returns to typing away at his laptop.

"I'm nearly done with the article by the way. I thought you'd like to look it over before it hits the press." He informed her, brushing his hands along the track pad to swap out Ryuko's picture with a large chunk of text.

As she skimmed the article, the room grows quiet, save for the ever present hum of electricity in the air. Satsuki took in a soft breath of relief, pleased to have even a few seconds of silence for the first time that morning.

A few words in particular catch her eye; "renegade vigilante," "dark hero," and "punk powerhouse" are a few phrases that stick in her mind (the ridiculous font they've been italicized in certainly doesn't help matters).

"Quite generous with your descriptions Inumuta. You have quite the knack for twisting the truth." Satsuki commented as she reaches the end of the article, "Are you sure your true calling isn't journalism after all?"

Inumuta snorted, the sound slightly muffled by the stiff fabric encircling his mouth, "You flatter me Lady Satsuki. I was simply following the glitzy writing style of the first article. I take it that means it meets your standards?"

"It's perfect. Publish it before dinner tonight." Satsuki commands, her usual authoritative voice creeping back into her tone. Inumuta doesn't seem fazed by the change in demeanor, and gives her a nod.

"Thank god you're done. Not only did I lose sleep over Matoi, but she also cut into my Geek Squad time. She owes me." Nonon muttered spitefully, rolling her chair to bump up against Inumuta's. He grunted in annoyance but doesn't shove her away, simply mumbling a warning under his breath.

The two begin to settle down, with Nonon pulling up several rough blueprints on the main display screen and reading out calculations for Inumuta to punch into his own program. Satsuki takes this as her opportunity to leave, turning and making her way back to the door. She's nearly made it back into the hallway when a high pitched protest from Nonon made her freeze.

"Satsuki!"

The casual use of her first name caught her off guard. Those three syllables, lacking any sort of title or malice, usually only slip out of her dear friends sleep deprived lips. Even then, it's rare that she's addressed like that within the manor. And so, she turned around, fixing Nonon with a look of genuine surprise.

"Be careful tonight." She advised, fixing Satsuki with an uncharacteristically grim expression.

"Your mother's been on edge since you've been doing your secret rendezvous with your project. She probably has some elaborate plan."

Satsuki nodded, not the least bit surprised.

"Frankly, I'd be disappointed if the dinner proceeded without some sort of debacle. I'll be more on guard than usual." Satsuki replied. Nonon gave her a stiff nod, watching her leave the room before turning back to Inumuta.

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By the time the sun finally sets, the manor has reached prime level insanity. The air itself seemed to crackle with electricity, as the servants sprint about, making last minute adjustments before the highly anticipated guests arrive.

Satsuki had received a *personal* invitation from mother to have a "quick" chat before dinner. Around four a silver envelope had been slipped under her door. From the overwhelming odor, she had immediately been able to deduce the sender's identity. The liquid gold used to seal it only confirmed it was mother's handiwork. In seemingly inhuman calligraphy, the contents of the letter requested her presence in the foyer within the hour.

Over the years Satsuki had learned that the severity of her mother's mood could easily be read by the location she chose. If it was in the sun room it meant that mother was chipper and simply wanted to poke fun at her expense. Her personal chambers normally indicated a more grave matter (if the recipient of the invitation was not immediate family, it normally meant that she simply wanted to muffle the screams of her next hapless victim). The foyer however, was a solid middle ground between the two extremes. A warning perhaps, to meet on equal turf before more serious events transpired.

Satsuki dismissed the invitation immediately, tossing it into the fireplace in full view of a group of servants, trusting that they would scurry right back to mother and apologize for her daughter's insolence.

No, if mother wanted to discuss something it would not be on her terms.

Another few hours had passed since Satsuki had declined the invitation, and she spent the precious moments of solitude preparing for whatever her mother had planned for the night. She had spent a solid thirty minutes tearing through her colossal closet, searching for an outfit that was simultaneously powerful and not overtly sexual. Unfortunately, Satsuki's utter apathy regarding fashion had resulted in a surplus of perfectly tailored clothing that she could never see herself wearing. Both mother and Nui had a flare for glitter and skimpy bits of fabric, and thus her drawers quickly filled up with diamond encrusted g-strings and the like.

Satsuki was about to admit defeat when she finally happened upon an ash colored blazer, buried among the mess of bedazzled jackets at the back of her closet. Combined with a white blouse and dark pencil skirt, she looked exactly like the sort of professional business woman mother could never hope to be.

It's just past seven when Satsuki's phone plays a brief snippet of Mozart. Nonon's text is brief and to the point: "Dinner starting soon. Get down now unless you want to piss her off more."

Satsuki sighed but heeds her advice, smoothing down her outfit one last time before making her way to the dining hall.

The first course is about to be served just as Satsuki finally took her seat next to Nui, ignoring the exaggerated reaction from her half sister when she sits down. Nui's looking even more doll-like than usual, with approximately 3 layers of concealer turning her skin an unsettling shade of white. Satsuki estimated that at least one hundred dollars worth of mascara and eye liner has been used to accentuate her eyes, making her look all the more delicate looking.

"Sweet of you to finally make it." Nui remarks under her breath, her words dripping with venom despite the syrupy grin on her face.

"I was having trouble picking out an outfit." Satsuki admits, fighting back the urge to kick Nui when she erupts in a fit of giggles.

"Oh poor Satki. You know you could have asked for my help."

"I think we have different fashion styles." Satsuki replied, purposefully turning away from Nui to end the chatter. She glances around the table, finding her mother in a matter of seconds.

Jesus Christ

Subtle had never been a part of her mother's vocabulary, but tonight she was truly going all out. Her platinum hair was styled in a way that seemed to disobey every law of gravity, held together by cement-like hair gel and a mass of hair pins. The wave of strands that flowed down her neck were accentuated by what seemed to be glimmering rhinestones (but knowing mother they were likely actual diamonds). The blinding gemstones were tinted an array of colors, making something akin to a rainbow glitter at even the slightest tilt of the head.

Her hair was by far the most preposterous. However, the rest of mother's outfit was a close competitor. Her evening dress was threaded with patterns of gems to match her hair, flowing down the curves of her body in shimmering waves, making a dazzling spectacle whenever she moved. Her skin was just as pale as Nui's, covered in layers of concealer. However her eyes were accentuated with a striking shade of golden eyeliner, making the flecks of hazel in her pupils shine in the evening light. Her appearance was just as intimidating as it was breath taking. When Satsuki glanced upon her she felt equal parts outclassed and uneasy. The sharp angles of her mother's cheekbones, only made more drastic by the contours of make-up made her seem serpentine. Perhaps it was just her imagination, but even in the way she moved in her dress, swaying in the air, reminded her of a snake about to slither out of its skin.

In her business casual attire, Satsuki looked like nothing more than a lowly secretary to the two divas. *Good*, she thinks to herself, shuddering at the thought of being lumped in with the likes of her mother.

It isn't long before mother caught her staring, and flashed Satsuki the most unsettling sneer. Her blood red lips part to reveal a set of perfectly white teeth (for a moment it looks like her canines are as sharp as a beasts).

"Oh my darling!" She crooned, stretching across the table to intertwine their fingers. The contact sends a nasty chill racing down Satsuki's spine, but she doesn't show it. The multitude of rings adorning her mother's hand make it borderline painful to hold hands, but she endures, even when a pair of finely filed nails dig into the skin above her knuckle.

"This must be the first time I've seen you in days, dear! I was so worried about you!" She frets, tightening her grip until tiny red droplets begin to form beneath her nails. Satsuki grits her teeth, fighting to keep the pain off of her expression.

"Mother, I'm far too old for this. I'm merely preparing for running the business myself someday." Satsuki replied, using every ounce of resolve to force her lips up into a smile. This seems to placate mother, and her iron grip mercifully loosened. She threw her head back, letting out a hearty chuckle. Satsuki flinched as several pairs of eyes fall on her at the sudden commotion. Mother seemed to notice the extra attention as well, and to her daughter's absolute horror, leaned over the table, purposefully stretching out so that the fabric of her dress falls, just barely covering her breasts.

"Satsuki, Satsuki," She chided, swaying her hips a bit, "I know you're just *itching* to take over but I'm not dead yet dear. And hopefully I won't be for awhile!" She accentuates the statement with a sultry arch of her spine, causing a ripple of light to travel down her body. The gesture is met with stunned silence from the guests. A quick glance to the right confirmed that the men are literally awestruck by the spectacle before them.

"Yes, hopefully." Satsuki replied tersely, and quickly snatches her hand away. Mother relents, allowing her to escape with only a few minor scratches.

The rest of the evening proceeds as Satsuki expected. Nui and Mother did a fine job tag teaming the poor, naive gentlemen. At one point Satsuki glanced over to see her half sister practically on the lap of one of the representatives. She was giggling at every other sentence

the balding man uttered. Judging from the slur of his words, he was well on his way to inebriation, and Nui was certainly not going to let that vulnerability be wasted.

Mother would make her rounds about the long table at the end of each course, giving each man a too-friendly touch on the shoulder and one of her trademark smiles. Satsuki looked away in disgust when she saw her mother settle down between two men, slipping her hands under the table cloth to do-ugh-to do things she'd rather not think about.

As usual, Satsuki keeps to herself, making strained small talk when necessary. However her attention was piqued when a swift kick under the table connected forcefully with her knee. She jerked, fighting the reflex to kick back with full force. Fuming, she glared across the table, only to see Nonon pointedly staring at her.

"*What the hell?!"* Satsuki mouthed at her, glaring fiercely. Nonon cast her eyes down for a moment, looking apologetic, before subtly gesturing to the glass Satsuki was about to sip from. She gave a sharp shake of her head, raising her eyebrows a bit as a warning signal.

What now? Is mother trying to poison me?

Satsuki cautiously brought the glass up to her lips, squinting at the light pink liquid suspiciously. She looked back up at Nonon, who motioned towards their dinner guests.

The men were slumped comfortably in their seats, lounging as if this were their own couch. They smiled dully, laughing every so often with a hazy look in their eyes.

So it's some sort of mild sedative then..or perhaps a truth serum? Satsuki pondered, watching the way mother easily coaxed answers to personal questions out of them. She put down the drink quickly, glancing around the table to see if anyone else had fallen under its spell.

Everyone had been provided with the drink, but all those but the guests' remained untouched. Clearly they had all been warned beforehand.

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After an agonizing few hours, the giggling men finally left just before midnight struck. They lingered in the doorway, exchanging "formalities" with mother (which mostly consisted of roving hands). Satsuki waited patiently in the dining hall, remaining seated even as the servants set about clearing the table.

As if on cue, mother entered the room once the final dishes had been whisked away. She feigned surprise once she saw Satsuki was still there, tilting her head in curiosity.

"Dinner is over my dear!" She scolded, sauntering over and tugging at Satsuki's cheek as if she were a child.

Satsuki grunted in annoyance and slapped the cold hand away as gently as she could, "I suppose so. But I wanted to talk."

Mother's eyes widened at that, a look of genuine astonishment on her face. "Do you finally have time for your dear old Mum then? It's been days since I've heard from you; I thought you had fallen off the face of the earth!"

"I've been doing some errands, as I already told you. I'm not a child anymore."

Mother threw her head back and let out a shrill laugh, making the walls dance with light as her body trembled. "Look at you darling! Just barely eighteen and already trying to be all grown up! Now you may legally be an adult in this country, but that certainly doesn't mean you're free from me yet! I know you have such a knack for sticking your nose where it doesn't belong."

"And you have such a knack for nearly poisoning your own daughter at the dinner table." Satsuki retorted, quickly running out of patience.

"Oh my! Didn't Nui tell you?"

"No, it seems I didn't get the memo."

A sinister smile travels over mother's lips before her expression settles again, "It must have slipped my mind then! The same way my cordial invitation to you slipped into the fire.."

"Instead of spending hundreds of dollars on a letter to someone in the same home as you, perhaps you'll consider texting me next time."

"Oh Satsuki, you know how old fashioned I am!"

Satsuki quirked an eyebrow, envisioning the sea of tablets and smart phones her mother always kept on hand, but remained quiet.

"So, is this all you wanted to talk about dear? Were you sore over Mommy leaving you out of something? Goodness, you've always been too sensitive for your own good."

"Yes, I suppose that's about it." Satsuki replied after a long pause.

"Well I must be on my way then! I'm glad we could finally talk after so long, my dear! Do try to keep in touch from now on!"

Just as Mother stands to leave, the doors to the dining hall slam open, revealing a frazzled looking servant in their wake.

"M-Madam Kiryuin!" He gasps out, panting in exhaustion, "That girl is on the news again! That punk from the alleyways! Quick come and see."

Mother doesn't break stride, quickly dismissing the servant and preparing to leave. But just as she turns to stand, Satsuki catches a scowl clouding over the woman's features, pulling her shark-like grin down into a nasty grimace. All the make up in the world can't mask the lines furrowing on her brow, and suddenly she looks decades older.

Though it's just for a second, it's enough of a victory to fuel the plan further. Satsuki had managed to get under her skin; all she had to do was hammer away at the cracks and wear her down.

Just you wait, Mother

End Notes

sorry for any mistakes with the French; I have 0 experience with the language.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!